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color for double door draperies (two pairs) in the white rooms, and for the cherry room, which opens from the parlor across a wide square hall? Shall I lay carpets in drawing-room and parlor with or without borders? Shall they be light or dark in tone? The second and third floors are all pine. Which is the most approved finish, paint, varnish, or oil?

Mrs. H. N. A., Rochester, N. Y.

Let the curtains for the parlor be pale greenish toned yellow; those for the cherry room rich olive russet. Have borders for your carpets by all means. Paint the upstairs woodwork; it can be readily cleansed. With oil finish this is impossible.

NOTE.—Much correspondence and many book notices are crowded out of this number by the pressure of advertisements.

New Publications.

SKETCHING RAMBLES IN HOLLAND.

GEO. H. BOUGHTON and Edwin A. Abbey are jointly to be credited with having produced (with the aid of Harper & Bros.) one of the most enjoyable books of the season. The two artists have, for years, been companions in their sketching rambles, and as Mr. Boughton is almost as clever with the pen as with the brush—while Mr. Abbey is known to be without superior as an illustrator—the wonder is that this should be the first book that they have brought out together. It will assuredly not be the last.

A lucky failure to come to time on the part of a young author who was to have accompanied the two artists was the cause of Mr. Boughton's undertaking the task of writing the book. It could not have been better written. Mr. Boughton's style is homely but pleasant, quaint but natural, like the scenes which he describes. And as the conclusion was not reached until pretty well on in the journey, that the job was to fall to him, but few if any of the sketches he might otherwise have made can be missing. The frontispiece, printed on India paper, of a handsome North Holland girl in her peculiar cap and fichu is from his pencil, as also the last tail-piece of "The Boys we left Behind us," and many a gem throughout the book.

The two jolly companions boarded Holland at Flushing, after sleeping their passage through across the Channel, instead of getting seaskick in the orthodox way. They were, therefore, in good humor with everything they saw and met with from the start; and, as luck follows luck, they remained so to the last. At Flushing when boarding the train to Haarlem they discovered that "it is a sad thing not to want the morning papers." Neither of them knew Dutch. Haarlem, the shrine of Franz Hals was preferred to Amsterdam for a first stopping-place; but, at sight of Dordrecht, tarriest and most deeply dyed of Dutch towns, they jumped off there and did it, with its three rivers and cathedral, in three hours. Here they found their first Dutch kitchen interior with blue and white tiles and scoured copper saucepans, gleaming, as Beaulaire has it, like a "good conscience."

In Friesland there still are sturdy young women to sketch, with unchanging sabots, but with a new variety of head-dress. At Schellingwoude the gentlemen wear trousers as wonderful in their way as the girls' head-gear. At Leeuwarden it is the women's turn again with a cap like Minerva's helmet; and then we get a glimpse of an old gateway with chimneys and weathercocks, clock and belfry galore. Here, in Leeuwarden, the two friends went bric-à-brac hunting without much result. No bargains to be had in old Delft and nothing whatever in old Chinese ware. For their personal tastes the very knowing Dutch collectors only buy and keep the very fine bits of delicate "blue after rain" tint, with creamy white. It is the correct thing (as in Japan) to draw in one's breath when looking at them for fear of accidents, Mr. Boughton says; in the East, it is a mark of honor.

About half way through the book we come upon an India proof of a "little girl of Veere" who looks very queer in wide petticoats, dotted neck-kchief, white cap and prim curls. We will leave to the reader the pleasure of getting through the other half without our assistance, merely saying that it will bring him through West Kappel and Zeeland, Katwyck and Leyden, Gouda and Oudewater. If these names are not enough to take his fancy, let him remember that the series of girls in clogs and caps, of boys in breeches and tobacco smoke, of chateaus in moats and kitchens in chateaus goes right on to the end, and let him be assured that when he gets there he will turn right back and begin the book over again.

A NEW VIEW OF THE RENAISSANCE.

EUPHORION. By Vernon Lee. Roberts Bros.: Boston. These two volumes are excellently gotten up. They are printed in fine large type, on paper of good quality, with ample but not extravagant margins, and are bound in plain but handsome fashion. Their contents may fairly be said to deserve such good treatment, although it may take some little time for the reader to perceive that it is so. Euphorion, the offspring of Faust and Helen, in Goethe's drama, typifies the Renaissance, the outcome of the mingling of mediæval and antique modes of thought and of life. The Renaissance is the subject of the book; and its more particular object is to determine what it, and modern society through it, owed to each of these factors. This, the author sets about doing in a way that is novel and suggestive of many things.

She attempts to picture an historic period in accordance with the principles and by something like the methods of the impressionist painters. She wants to give something that will in part answer for such a view of the Renaissance as might be had by one of her readers if he lived in Renaissance times. She would like to reproduce the broad values the impression which the scene would make upon such a spectator. But that being impossible, she thinks it the next best thing to set forth the impression made upon her own mind by the past and gone Renaissance, as it may be known through the pictures and sculptures, the towns and farms, the manners and the forms which it has left behind it in Italy. Scientifically constructed history she stigmatizes as unreal, though useful.

Instead, she offers a picture of a single phase of a certain period or rather state of society drawn from her own particular point of view. She admits that it is one-sided, narrow and defective; but she argues that it must be all that to have anything of the color and light of life. It will be perceived that this is a somewhat interesting development of the Carlylian and Froudean theory of history. Not facts, but personal views we need; nay, the impressionist historian will conscientiously endeavor to preserve the obvious relations of the masses of facts that come into his view, just as the impressionist landscape painter will try to keep to the relations of colors that nature sets before him.

Here is novelty enough, if this were all. But from the standpoint taken by the author, she sees in the Renaissance only the good that has come from the antique, only the evil that has come from the mediæval—thus squarely opposing Mr. Ruskin's view. It is as if the Renaissance were a yard of poplin which to Mr. Ruskin, viewing it in one light, seems all blue, and to Vernon Lee, looking at it from the other direction, appears all red. She

admits that to be the case, and threatens to shift her ground and behold the Renaissance from the blue side next.

This singular work is written with a great flow of expression. The author is an adept at word-painting, a clever reasoner, and knows how to group her effects. Her chapters on the fall of the Italian Republics, on the Italy of the Elizabethan dramatists, and on Mediæval Lore, are especially curious and, in a certain sense, instructive. The careful reader will recognize a new flavor in them; and we shall not be astonished if Vernon Lee proves the founder or forerunner of a new sect of critics and historiographers.

BEWICK AND HIS PUPILS.

AUSTIN DOBSON'S essays on THOMAS BEWICK AND HIS PUPILS, lately published in The Century, and now reprinted by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., make a book which lovers of wood-engravings will make haste to buy. Mr. Dobson is at his best in treating of just such a subject as he has here; his daintily archaic style, his unflinching good-humor, his natural conceits—if we may so speak—are never more pleasantly effective than when brought out in behalf of some ancient worthy whose memory might wither but for the efforts of such as he.

Not that Thomas Bewick's or his brother's memory was in any such danger, but Jackson's, Clennell's, Nesbit's, Haweis's were. The booksellers might probably keep the latter's fame alive for a season. They would certainly try to do so, because they have a large stock of Lane's "Arabian Nights," the illustrations to which were Harvey's principal work, to dispose of. But they should be thankful for Mr. Dobson's assistance, the more so because some of them set very little store upon John Bewick's much more interesting illustrations to Gay's fables and to Goldsmith's and Parnell's poems, which are only second in importance to the best works of his more famous brother. Some of the reproductions, given in Mr. Dobson's book, it must be said, fail to do them anything like justice. All of these cuts, indeed, the reader will do well to bear in mind, were made for the India proof, to be taken by hand, and no modern impressions by steam, from fac-simile blocks, though exact to a certain degree, can give an idea of the beauty of the originals. It is related of these, that George III. declined to believe them to be wood-engravings, and requested to be allowed to assure himself of the fact by inspecting the blocks. Some of the reproductions even a George might have found wooden enough. Still, taken in connection with the modern engravings of places connected with Bewick's life-history, with which the volume is adorned, these inadequate copies may serve to give a notion to those who are unacquainted with the manner of the Bewicks, of what it was that distinguished them, and, if Mr. Dobson's text is perused with the care it deserves, the reader will begin to appreciate some of the advantages of engravings in white line. He should compare, say, the tail-piece on page 49 with the cut of Bewick's birthplace that introduces Chap. II., and the work from the "Quadrupeds" with Harvey's later but, now in its turn, antiquated work, and the portrait of Bewick after Ramsay, which is used as a frontispiece, with the portrait from a bust by the sculptor Baily, by an engraver of the present day. The few chap-book cuts introduced in the early chapters, will serve to show how great was Thomas Bewick's originality.

SCOTT'S MARMION.

MARMION, illustrated by Fredericks, Fen, Waud, and other old-time illustrators, printed on creamy tinted paper and bound in a cover of Gothic design, makes a very fine holiday book. It is published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co. The noticeable point about it to us is the excellence of the engraving, which has been done in the old line and tint manner by Messrs. Anthony, Richardson and others. The work in the little vignettes and tail-pieces scattered through the volume is especially to be praised for evidences both of skill and of artistic feeling. So much cannot be said for all of the drawing. Even Mr. Schell's pretty views of river, and lake and mountain, have doubtless gained by passing under the engraver's steel. Mr. Fredericks's compositions, on the other hand, which—a very unusual circumstance for him—are stiff and uninteresting to a degree, may have suffered in some instances, as in this method of engraving a great deal depends upon the interpretation which the engraver puts upon a passage of his original which may contain no lines to guide him. Still, we presume that Mr. Fredericks must be charged with some of the obvious faults that we have noticed. His horse and rider on the drawbridge in the frontispiece have no motion, and they look as if they were being weighed. The lines of the boat's prow, opposite page 74, are cut off in a very awkward manner. The figure of the Palmer, and the long table, and the step to the dais (or is it a stripe in an anachronistic carpet?) in the picture facing page 52 make a very stiff and unnatural bit of composition. "Lady Heron's song" is much better, but the majority of Mr. Fredericks's illustrations seem to have been laid out with a T-square. Mr. Garrett's monks, in the last canto, are the best figures in the book; and his carousing soldiers in the third, are not far behind in expression and action. We cannot say much for Mr. Ipsen's ornamental borders. Still, the book is so profusely illustrated that the holiday public is sure to be pleased with it.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PERSPECTIVE.

GEORGE TROBRIDGE, the head-master of the Government School of Art, at Belfast, has written, and Cassell & Co. have published, a little book under the above title which cannot fail to be of service in all art schools, and to many artists and others outside of them. The author very truly says of the usual method of teaching perspective as a science rather than as a practical art, that it is wasteful of time and tends to confuse the learner, who seldom grasps the principles which underlie the art of truly representing forms. In the estimation of the author, perspective can only be satisfactorily taught in connection with a course of object-drawing. His book is written to form an adjunct to such a course, not as a substitute for it. He begins with a chapter of definitions and general principles or axioms, defining such terms as "horizontal lines," "picture plane," "point of sight," and the like, and in clear and succinct language, removing the misconceptions that young students especially are likely to have about them. The second chapter describes the ways of mechanically representing objects by orthographic projection or by isometrical projection, and in the next chapter the author passes to the rules for the perspective delineation of right-lined objects. He makes no attempt to deduce his rules from the laws of optics, but simply mentions the easily verifiable facts in the case, such as that horizontal vertical lines appear to converge to a point on the horizon line. The remaining chapters are given to a similar survey of the various problems that occur in ordinary practice, on the perspective of oblique lines, and of curvilinear objects. The book is illustrated fully, by diagrams in the text and by a series of plates bound up with it. It is a little abstruse and, at the same time, as complete and satisfactory as a first book on perspective can well be.

HAWTHORNE'S WONDER-BOOK.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.'s edition of Hawthorne's WONDER-BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS is one of the handsomest books of the season. The classical stories, which the author has invested with a new charm, are illustrated in a fresh and original way by F. S. Church, one of the very few artists

who have the true illustrator's knack of furnishing a pictorial commentary on the writer's meaning. Mr. Church seldom fails to catch his author's idea, and, when his task is so congenial to him as the present must have been, he often adds to it or puts it in a new light, and that without effort or affectation. He is wrong, however, not to take pains to draw, his figures especially, a little better. King Midas, on page 45, has more reason to complain of the artist's leaden than of his own golden touch, while King Midas, on page 51, though up to his middle in the water, is as handsome a king as need be. But we have no intention of finding fault with the bulk of Mr. Church's work in this volume. Who else could draw the goblins in "The Paradise of Children," or Hercules and the Maidens; or Mercury's wand and the astonishment of Mother Baucis and Father Philemon in "The Marvellous Pitcher?" To draw them it would be necessary to imagine them, and imagination like Mr. Church's is a rare faculty.

OTHER BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

E. P. DUTTON & Co. are to be congratulated this holiday season on having their imprint upon some of the most attractively illustrated books for children that have been brought out in this or any other country. Special reference is made to OUT OF TOWN, by F. E. Weatherly, illustrated in color by Linnie Watt, and in monotypes by Ernest Wilson. In some of the colored plates in this little volume—notably the frontispiece and the meadow view (page 32)—there is a very wide departure from the ordinary illustrations of children's holiday books. The two examples mentioned might serve as models for students in water-color drawing, and in saying this we pay the publishers a high compliment.

THE ART GEM SERIES of little volumes of nursery rhymes, from the same publishers, are also illustrated in color, by Jane M. Dealy. The children will be delighted with them.

ABOVE all others of its class, the boy's book of the season is CHEVALIER BAYARD, the knight "without fear and without reproach," published by Dodd, Mead & Co. In the quaint language of the title-page which is preserved throughout the volume, this "very joyous, pleasant, and refreshing history of the feats, exploits, triumphs and achievements," of "the gentle Lord De Bayard" are here "set forth in English," by Edward Cockburn Kindersley. The memoirs, in the original French, were written, it is supposed by the secretary of the hero, and they first appeared in 1527, three years after the latter's death. Wonderfully vivid pictures of the days of chivalry in the reign of Charles VIII. Louis XII. and Francis I. are given in this quaint and stirring narrative, the spirit of which Mr. Kindersley has cleverly preserved. We would care little for the youth who could read these pages without emotion. The publishers have done their part well: the printing, paper and binding are almost as much "beyond reproach" as the "good knight" himself; while the illustrations are humorous and, for the most part, excellent.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE CABINET BIRTHDAY-BOOK and the QUERIST'S ALBUM (Thomas Whittaker, New York), are unique and attractive little volumes with gilt edges and flexible colored covers. Each is compiled with painstaking ingenuity and garnished with one hundred and twenty-eight illustrations of natural grasses.

IN A YOUNG GIRL'S WOOING (Dodd, Mead & Co.), E. P. Roe depicts the fortunes of an invalid New York damsel, who goes to Santa Barbara, slyly converts herself into a new and beautiful creature, and then returns to New York, rescues the young man of her secret affections from the clutches of a mercenary society belle and carries him off in modest triumph to her own domestic lair.

HALF A CENTURY OF ENGLISH HISTORY, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is the somewhat misleading title of a collection, in reduced fac-simile, of cartoons from Punch, by Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel. To the student of political caricature it will be found even more interesting than to the general reader, who, for a small sum of money, gets here the cream of the cartoons of the first thirty-two yearly volumes of the famous English comic journal.

THE ALGONQUIN LEGENDS OF NEW ENGLAND, by Charles G. Leland, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, is a delightful collection of the myths and folklore of the Micmac, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes, and despite the diffidence of the author in presenting the results of his investigations, is a valuable contribution to the American literature of its class. In the introduction it is forcibly said that "when the last Indian shall be in his grave, those who come after us will ask in wonder why we had no curiosity as to the romance of our country, and so much as to that of every other land on earth." The average poet is a very unsafe guide in such matters. Mr. Leland points out that Longfellow attributes to the Iroquois Hiawatha, the choice exploits of the Chippewa demi-devil Monobozho, and that the plot of the poem, indeed, is a mixture of the most opposite characters and characteristics.

THE attractive FLOWER-SONGS series, issued by White, Stokes & Allen, of gayly-covered pamphlets descriptive of the flowers of Easter, and "Maple Leaves and Golden Rod," has already been noticed in these columns. We are glad to find the series continued. The additions are "From Moor and Glen," with designs of autumn leaves and golden daisies, flower de luce, pond-lilies, and primroses; "Pansies and Orchids," with excellent designs of those flowers and nasturtiums, the latter particularly well colored; "A Bunch of Roses," with two plates of roses and one of tulips; and "Roses and Forget-me-nots," illustrating besides those flowers, clover blossoms, heliotrope, daisies and buttercups. The cover of each pamphlet of the series is silk-fringed like a Prang Christmas card, and the leaves are tied together with a bow of ribbon. Perhaps too much pains have been taken to make the outside attractive. Somewhat less brilliancy in color would have added to the artistic effect. This blemish on some of the covers is the more noticeable because of the absence of any such exaggeration in the inside plates.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART FOR 1884, bound, makes an attractive volume. Its enterprising publishers, Cassell & Company, without losing sight of the fact that it is an English publication, show plainly their appreciation of the American side of art by devoting a fairly proportionate quota of illustrated notices to painters of this country. Thus, in the past year we find a full and appreciative biography of Dr. Charles H. Miller, who is selected as a representative American landscape painter, and the Salon pictures of F. A. Bridgman, John L. Sargent, Wm. T. Dannatt and Wyatt Eaton receive ample consideration. Especially interesting among the wood-engravings of these latter are Dannatt's "Spanish Quartet," and Bridgman's "Moorish Baby taking his Bath at Home," for the originals of both are now in New York, at Schaus's and Knoedler's respectively, and are attracting much attention. Contributing also to the especial value of the book to Americans is the monthly record of art in this country conveniently arranged consecutively at the end of the volume. Most of the wood-cuts of the volume are admirable, and many show decided American influence. The etching by Macbeth of his "Lady Bountiful" which serves as the frontispiece is pretty but somewhat disappointing. One naturally expects more vigorous work from his needle.